



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

the glossary found at the end of the present grammar) in phonetic transcription.

In transcribing the modern Frisian dialects Professor Siebs used more or less his own phonetic system, while Mr. Sipma has throughout employed the symbols of the International Phonetic Association. The advantage here, it seems to me, is not altogether on the side of the latter. The system of the International Phonetic Association has, to be sure, been widely spread by the works of P. Passy, W. Viëtor, and others. It is very doubtful, however, whether its general adoption, though recommended by many authorities, would be desirable. Perhaps this would mean a step backward in matters of phonetics: not only for the general reason that the adoption of a final, obligatory system precludes, or at least reduces, the possibility of additional improvements (a fact illustrated by most of the current systems of spelling), but especially because the system of the Internat. Phon. Ass. has several features in distinction from other phonetic systems which cannot be regarded as improvements. Among these I would reckon the fact that the stress is marked by an accent, not on the sonant element of the syllable (the "Silbenträger") which invariably bears the stress, but by an accent in front of the whole syllable. If this system were applied to Greek, we should have to spell, *e. g.*, *ῑακτυλος* and *καῑλος* instead of *δακτυλος* and *καλό's*. Our author accordingly, in his specimens of West Frisian, writes, *e. g.*, *'naχt* and *om'klamət* instead of *na'χt* and *omkla'mət*.

There is another objection to using the International Alphabet for the ordinary phonetic transcription of individual languages like Frisian and, I would add, like German, French, or English. While it is not difficult to devise an exact phonetic alphabet and at the same time a simple alphabet, not very different from the current Latin or German alphabets, for an individual language, the attempt to use one and the same phonetic alphabet for several different languages, especially languages as different in their sounds as French, German, and English, will necessarily make such an alphabet clumsy and complicated. While for a single

language it is generally possible to get along with an alphabet consisting of simple signs, an international alphabet needs numerous diacritical marks, letters turned upside down, defaced letters (*e. g.*, an *i* deprived of its dot), and similar means which necessarily must interfere with the ready understanding of the alphabet. The International Alphabet in this respect shares the disadvantages of a general phonetic alphabet. I am by no means hostile to the attempts to devise such an alphabet in the interest of phonetics and general linguistics. I believe, on the contrary, that the construction of a general phonetic alphabet—be it after the plan, *e. g.*, of Lepsius' standard alphabet or in the entirely different manner suggested by Professor Jespersen—belongs to the fundamental tasks of phonetic science. Nor do I object, from a phonetic point of view, to the International Alphabet. But it is necessary to distinguish here between the aim of the phonetician and that of the grammarian, or, in other words, between general and special, or historical, phonetics. To substitute a general or an international alphabet (in the sense of a general alphabet of limited scope) for an individual phonetic alphabet of a single language (*e. g.*, in the transcription of texts, of specimens of dialects, etc.) means confusing the methods and aims of general linguistics with those of historical grammar. I must add, however, in justice to Mr. Sipma, that the misunderstanding to which he has fallen a victim is shared by many authorities on Phonetics and Modern Languages. His grammar, in spite of this deficiency, remains a work for which we have every reason to be grateful.

HERMANN COLLITZ.

Johns Hopkins University.

KARL VOSSLER, *Italianische Literatur der Gegenwart, von der Romantik zum Futurismus*. Heidelberg, Winter, 1914. 8vo., 145 pp.

Some years ago Professor Vossler asked and answered the question: "Wie erklärt sich der späte Beginn der Vulgärliteratur in Italien?"

Now, at the other and ever moving limit of his field, he traces the course of Italian eloquence even unto *Cabiria* and the *gorgogliatore*.

His new book consists of a series of essays first given as lectures before the Freie Deutsche Hochstift in Frankfort. The authors studied at some length are Manzoni, Leopardi, Carducci, Fogazzaro, Verga, Ada Negri, De Amicis, Pascoli, d'Annunzio, and Croce. Briefer comment is accorded Guerrini, Gnoli, Serao, Di Giacomo, Belli, and Pascarella; others still are mentioned and dismissed with one or two epithets apiece.

Ada Negri, one would think, should hardly be classed with the writers of the first rank; and Gnoli and Pascarella might well have been consigned to the outer adjectival twilight. Some other men deserve more recognition than they receive,—notably Zanella, Nievo, De Sanctis, and Giacosa. Zanella is mentioned, to be sure, as the author of “feine, schwächliche Lyrik,” but that is by no means the whole truth. Better than the *Conchiglia fossile* and the rest of his humanitarian verse are the late descriptive sonnets, Horatian again and again in their clear perfection; better yet the ringing patriotism of the ode to Cavour. And there are passages in *Milton e Galileo* that are worthy of Dante himself in their combination of profound thought and superb beauty.

Vossler's criticism is illuminating and judicious. It is the product of careful independent thinking, it is resolute, it is rich in verbal and figurative resource. Many qualities in books and men become the clearer for his delineation. His intellectual and moral standards are admirably high. He, like Fogazzaro,

sdegna il verso che suona e che non crea;

and the thing created, however vigorous, finds with him no mercy if its vigor is evil.

His moral severity is most welcome, particularly in its shattering of the commercialized aestheticism of d'Annunzio. One can but feel, however, that his intellectual severity leads him, at times, into some injustice. He demands from poet or novelist a much more complete philosophy than poet or novelist is, in the

general critical conception, required to possess; and his verdict, for those who do not measure to his rule, is tinged with a certain disdain. It is indeed far better to demand substantial thought than to consider form as paramount—far better to demand wealth of the Indies than to be content with the argosy's swift lines and flowing sail—but surely the poet's task is less the scientific organization of a rotund *Weltanschauung* than the moving, vital utterance of single truths. Leopardi did not attain to the logical system of Schopenhauer, but his *Canti* are none the less the supreme specific for the *katharsis* of pessimism. It may be granted that, in Vossler's sense, Carducci “kein Denker, sondern ein Dichter war”; but past speaks to present, through his verse, with the power that is born of wisdom. Fogazzaro never quite reconciled Darwin and Augustine; but he gave the best of his life to the prophecy of two eternal verities that would suffice, could they but strike home in the hearts of men, to make this earth a very different dwelling-place. The first is that religion, being conditioned by human intellect, is necessarily a changing thing; that beside its inmost, permanent truth it has at any time temporary habits of form and creed that are subject to renewal or rejection. The second is that Christianity should be an affair for laymen as well as priests, should be democratic and pervading, the inspiration and the prime motive of all social and political life.

Nor is Vossler quite fair in his account of the famous colloquy in *Il santo*. After mentioning Benedetto's four protests—against the *spirito di menzogna*, the *spirito di dominazione del clero*, the *spirito di avarizia* and the *spirito d'immobilità*—he continues: “Und welche Reformen schlägt er vor? Dass der Papst einen wahrheitsliebenden Mann zum Bischof machen und die Bücher eines modernistischen Religionsphilosophen nicht auf den Index setzen soll.” Vossler implies that the four protests are subordinate and preliminary to the two petitions. In reality, each of the protests is in itself an eloquent plea for a great reform; the petitions are illustrative and incidental.

The essay on Fogazzaro, deficient, to my thinking, in these respects, is otherwise remark-

ably fine in its keen analysis and sure inference. It is the most detailed study in the book. Each of the seven novels is reviewed in content and in quality; the author's development is exactly traced from stage to stage; and his abilities and shortcomings are set forth in full light. Particularly good is the treatment of Fogazzaro's interacting lyricism and realism: the lyricism, more native and more essential, appears chiefly in the protagonists of his novels, creatures of his own mind and heart; realism determines the unsurpassed portraiture of the minor figures, drawn with humorous sympathy and wonderful deftness from the "little worlds" that Fogazzaro knew. As serious blemishes in his work there are noted, rightly, a certain mystic vagueness, and a "religiös parfömierte Lüsternheit."

Carducci, Latin of the Latins, remains, to the northern critic, a foreigner. Excellent as it is in many passages—notably in the discussion of Carducci's scholarship—Vossler's essay on Carducci reveals an incomplete understanding of the poet's inspiration and achievement. Vossler regards patriotism as the essential impulse of Carducci's verse. Even deeper, I think, is a motive which Vossler does not mention: the celebration of normal life, the life of man bound by the moral bond to fellow man, a life healthy with labor and joyous with love. This motive clearly dominates several of the finest poems, as *La madre* and *Il canto dell'amore*, and it underlies many of the others.

Vossler's insensitiveness in this regard narrows his service as interpreter. His treatment of *Il bove* is a case in point: "In dem wunderbaren, formvollendeten Sonett . . . ist kaum eine Regung des Gemütes mehr und fast nur noch Zeichnung, Farbe, Plastik zu spüren. Man fühlt sich in der Nähe der Eisgrenze, wo die Dichtung als darstellende Kunst zu sinnlichen Formen erstarrt." But *Il bove* is not merely an objective picture. Its true meaning is revealed in that first adjective, equally famous and misunderstood: "T' amo, o pio bove." Carducci employs *prio* again and again, throughout his work, to denote a willing consciousness of the moral bond between man and man,—as when he bids the sun illumine

non ozi e guerre a i tiranni,
ma la giustizia pia del lavoro.

With the significance of the word thus affirmed in his own mind, he uses it freely to denote relationships similar, in poetic fancy, to the human tie. So, in the sonnet to Virgil, the moon, as giver of consolation, becomes "la pia luna." And just so, in *Il bove*, the ox is called *prio* as a willing sharer in the normal life of man. That justifies the requiting "T' amo," and informs the lines

mite un sentimento
Di vigore e di pace al cor m' infondi

and

al giogo inchinandoti contento
L' agil opra de l' uom grave secondi:
Ei t' esorta e ti punge, e tu co 'l lento
Giro de' pazienti occhi rispondi.

That too is why the fields are called "free and fertile," why the lowing rises "like a happy hymn," and why the green silence of the plain is "divine." The *Eisgrenze* is very far away.

Carducci, we are told, devoted himself to the past primarily for the sake of escaping the present. But Carducci's avowed reason is very different: "The spaces of time under the Triumph of Death are infinitely more immense and more tranquil than the brief moment agitated by the phenomenon of life. Hence the imagination of the poet can there freely take its flight, while the appearances of the present, in their continual flux, do not allow the artistic faculty so to fix them as to be able to transform them into the ideal." Moreover, the past, for Carducci, lived in vital and serviceable relation to the present: witness the climax of the *Canto dell'amore*, wherein the historic elements of a wonderfully visualized Umbrian landscape unite in the cry:—

Salute, o genti umane affaticate!
Tutto trapassa e nulla può morir.
Noi troppo odiammo e sofferimmo. Amate.
Il mondo è bello e santo è l' avvenir.

The poems of the past are for the most part poems of heroism, and their light is the eternal glow of heroic fire, not the sunset glamor of a day bygone. To Vossler, however, even Carducci's heroism is suspect. It is necessarily meaningless and ineffective, he argues, because

there underlies it a "Naturreligion gemischt aus modernem Materialismus und Positivismus und antikem Epikureismus und Stoizismus." But heroes do not always stop to reason why.

Vossler finds it odd that in 1866 and 1870 Carducci did not celebrate Napoleon III or the King of Prussia; rather is it odd that he finds it odd. He asks why Jesus, Paul, and Augustine are not classed in the *Satana* with Savonarola and Luther. The answer is that Carducci's *daimon*, bent on the assertion of self, abhors self-sacrifice. Too much is made of the influence of German romanticism on Carducci. That influence is clear in such inferior work as the *Anacreontica romantica*, but it is hardly to be discerned in any of the later and finer verse. One must dissent, moreover, from the parting verdict that the poetry of Carducci may be "in aller Welt geachtet und bewundert, aber doch nur in Italien erlebt und geliebt." It has already won love and entered into life far beyond the Alpine barrier.

There are several minor misstatements in the pages on Carducci. He translated not "manche Perlen altfranzösischer und spanischer Liederkunst," but just one Old French and just two Spanish poems. It was not an actual beefsteak but an imaginary pork chop that got him into trouble at San Miniato. His appointment at Bologna did not follow immediately upon his private teaching in Florence: there intervened a period of service at the Liceo of Pistoia. His university work did not continue until his death, but ended with his resignation in 1904.

The treatment of Leopardi, so far as it goes, is sound; the causes and character of his pessimism are set forth as clearly as one could desire. But the half, and the better half, is left untold: the passionate striving of Leopardi's poet-heart to withstand the arguments of his relentless mind; the passionate clinging to the old ideals of beauty and love. Nor is the quality of his verse, essentially classic in its resolute finality, adequately characterized in such terms as these: "die sanften, innigen, müden Harmonien; süsser schmelzender Gesang, so weich und doch nicht süsslich, so schmachkend und keusch; voll hingebender Stimmung; schmiegsamer wiegender Traum."

The quotation and the rendering of the first lines of *Amore e morte* are slightly incorrect: the punctuation is so altered as to injure sense and syntax, and the translation is faithful to the fault. The title *Pensieri* belongs to the selection of a hundred *pensées* published by Ranieri: Vossler uses it with reference to the seven-volume mass of notes called officially *Pensieri di varia filosofia e di bella letteratura*, and properly referred to, when brevity is desired, as the *Zibaldone*.

The other essays are uniformly excellent. They contain many fine statements of commonly accepted opinion, and many judgments that bring initial challenge and ultimate acquiescence. This passage, from the essay on Pascoli, is quite typical in thought and expression:

Und so ist ihm die ganze Welt: ein Irrgarten von Geheimnis und eine Blumenwiese von Kostbarkeiten, eine grosse dunkle Allegorie und eine niedliche Kleinwelt. Und im Grössten liegt das Kleinste, im Kleinsten das Unendliche beschlossen. Aber keine Stufenfolge, keine Ordnung führt vom einen zum andern. Traumhaft ist alles durcheinandergeschlungen. Niemand kommt der Wirklichkeit näher als der Träumende. Wer im Traum zu weinen weiss, hat die Vollendung erreicht:

Chi piange in sogno, è giunto a ciò che vuole.

Very notable, too, are the pages on Verga and Italian realism, the demolition of d'Annunzio, and the careful report of the critical doctrine of Croce.

To Croce's admirable essays on modern Italian literature (just now reissued in book form) Vossler gladly acknowledges his indebtedness. But Vossler's borrowing, in its judicial independence and its re-creative power, reveals a critical faculty not inferior to that of Croce. Vossler builds, moreover, on the surer basis; for whereas Croce holds to a theory of expressional satisfaction, Vossler proceeds from the belief that literature is of and is for the whole inner man—heart, mind, and will. Croce's actual criticism, broader than his theory, displays and applies a varied wealth of human interest; Vossler's criticism is worthy both of his Italian model and his own creed.

ERNEST H. WILKINS.

The University of Chicago.